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Choice Poetry.

"LOVED AT HOME."

BY HENRY FRANK LOTT.

I never had a ten-pound note, I care not who may know,
Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain, nor aught that's worn for show;
I've earned each meal I've had for years by honest daily toil;
Yet few have had a merrier heart or worn a gladder smile.

Loud demagogues have bawled for years, "You all shall soon be free!"
But loud and frothy prophecies have gained no vote from me.
I've heard the factious rant and rave, and plan and counter-plan,
Yet ne'er perceived, by all their schemes, I was a happier man.

I'm proud to be an Englishman—there is no land on earth
I should so much have gloried in, if I had choice of birth;
And nought ambition tempts me with, my spirit could have strung
To higher aim than simple rhyme in Shakspeare's mother-tongue.

But I have had a blessed home, beneath whose humble roof
A mother's nightly prayers for me were breathed without reproof;
And where my sisters' clustering love grew round my friendly stem,
And looked into mine eyes with joy as I looked hope to them.

Ye who have given my lips delight, and ye whose friendly press
Has ever held my hand in yours to welcome and to bless;
Oh, ye have ever heard me say, "Whatever else may come,
There's no such wealth on earth for man, as being 'loved at home.'"

If pride could see my scanty room, some twelve feet six by ten,
And take down all the chattels there, 'twould scarcely sell a pen;
But there are years of mother's love—in letters week by week,
A wealth that hearts can better weigh than tongues can aptly speak.

And judging hence from what I've felt, whene'er I see a face
Smile-lighted on the path of life, I'm certain I can trace
The root whence that sweet influence can only truly come,
The inward bliss that fills the soul when we are "loved at home."

—*English Periodical.*

Pictures of Life.

IT'S ONLY HIS TEMPER.

Visiting among the cottagers of the district where I live, how sadly often I hear this phrase. Wander which way one will,—up the village street, down the bye-lanes, over the common, into the gipsies' camp, wherever human beings dwell or congregate, this ominous sentence is heard; and with it in all stations of life, high as well as low, many a mother tries to believe that she excuses her child.

Oh, fatal mistake! In extenuation of one sin she pleads another,—a deadly, dangerous sin, which, if suffered to have its way unchecked, may end in crime. For of all the scourges of human life, all the curses which Eve's guilt has brought upon her children, the scourge and curse of an evil temper is the greatest.

Wherever it exists, peace, happiness, content, and confidence take flight. Enter a house where this terrible foe reigns, and how quickly you may detect its presence. Instead of freedom and ease, each person speaking frankly and courageously what he thinks, there is a restraint, nervousness, and hesitation, in everybody's manner and speech,—such as one might fancy the near neighbor of a slumbering tiger felt, who was conscious that a very little thing—how little, nothing but the event would show—would rouse his enemy. I never go into one of these houses, handsome and luxurious as it may be, without wishing myself at home again. I hate to live in perpetual dread, in terror of every word and deed, lest it should be wrong, and so bring down a storm. I hate to see people suddenly grow pale and restless, watch doors, and listen for sounds; hush their breath to interpret voices, and yield the most lawful desires and rights, sooner than by insisting upon them, plunge the whole establishment into discomfort. In short, I hate tyranny, let it take what form it will, and never so much as when it comes in the guise of *temper*.

Does anybody who reads this, happen to know a family where the master, the mistress, the best servant, indulges in this most detestable kind of self-indulgence; where every other member of the family is kept in constant fear and trembling, and where the slightest cause, and often no cause at all, is sufficient to disturb the peace and harmony of the whole house, from cellar to attic; where the faintest semblance of contradiction, the mildest possible opposition or reprimand, or even the—one would think pardonable—presumption of requesting some trifling alteration to be made in a certain objectionable style of having one's own work done, is enough to cause sulks and silence, banging of doors, and swinging of petticoats, for hours, perhaps days?

If he does,—if among my readers I have any who have either at home, or abroad, known the misery I speak of by experience, he will not wonder that I call evil temper a curse, and shudder when I hear that hateful and oft-repeated phrase, "It's only his temper."

Once, many years ago, circumstances occurred, which, long after they were almost forgotten by others, caused this subject to occupy a great portion of my thoughts; for I was but a young woman at the time, and the memory of such a catastrophe as I then witnessed, is many a year before it fades out, especially when it happens, as this did, to people for whom one feels a warm attachment.

Lucy Fosbrooke, the pretty young wife of one of our members' keepers, formerly lived with us in the capacity of nursery-maid, and was distinguished during the time she was in service by a particularly mild, easy temper, a gentle, almost lady-like manner, and a habit, which she carried to extreme, of yielding her own opinions to those of any noisier, more positive, or vehement person with whom she came in contact. These characteristics made all who knew her tremble for her fate in marriage; for it was certain that her happiness and respectability would not depend upon herself, but upon her husband.

Very glad were we, therefore, when, out of all her suitors, her choice fell upon him we had fancied the most unlikely to succeed in his wooing,—the handsome, manly Aymer keeper, young Gilbert Fosbrooke.

It was a gay wedding, for both bride and bridegroom were highly esteemed by their employers, and great favorites with their companions; and, therefore, upon the Monday after they were out-asked and married, many a holiday was petitioned for and given, and many a pint drained to the health and prosperity of the young couple.

Full of hope and energy, Lucy and Gilbert took possession of the pretty lodge which had been assigned to them by the squire, and which in Lucy's eyes had the great additional recommendation of being within a very short distance of our house, her still well-beloved home; and here, after rather more than a year, a son was born.

How proud and happy Lucy was then, it would be difficult to describe. Pretty she had always been; but in the radiant joy of this new relationship, she was positively beautiful; and the child was certainly well worthy of her pride, being one of the finest, healthiest, handsomest little fellows in the parish, and under her tender care throve wonderfully. While looking into his great blue, intelligent eyes, as they either glittered with fun, or opened wide with astonishment, no one could wonder that he was his mother's idol, or that, being so, and she such as she was, she should make herself a perfect slave to his whims and caprices, giving him his way in everything, and yielding invariably to the first quiver of his lip, the first symptom of a cry.

All this might have been excusable while Willie was a baby; but as he grew older, and began to see and use his power, Lucy's invariable indulgence, her blameable habit of coaxing, instead of punishing his outbreaks of passion and furious bursts of temper, gave great uneasiness. At two years old the boy, beautiful as a cherub, and intelligent beyond any other of the same age that I ever saw, was master. Whatever he wanted, right or wrong, that he had; and if the slightest demur or delay occurred, caused either by the unreasonableness of his demand, or the inconvenience of instant compliance, he forthwith threw himself into such a hurricane of passion, stamping, raving, and kicking, that all the haste of terror was made to obey his behest immediately.

Yet, for all these frenzies, the child loved his mother passionately. A selfish love, of course, it was, as that of all such dispositions is, but very endearing and bewitching nevertheless; and when Lucy felt his twining arms round her neck, his loving kisses on her cheek, and gazed into his beautiful face, his glorious eyes melting with love, his sunny ringlets hanging like a golden glory from his brow, all our forebodings, our hard prudent words of warning and remonstrance were forgotten; and I do verily believe that if he had cried for the moon, poor Lucy would have wept that she could not get it down for him. Indeed, I have often wondered that among his many vagaries, and causes of passion, this never happened to be one: it certainly was not that it was too outrageous or unreasonable, for nothing was so; but simply, I suppose, because, tired out with the day's romps, he was generally in bed and asleep before the moon rose.

One morning, passing the lodge on my way to the common, I was attracted by the sound of Willie's well-known screams of passion; and turning in as I went by, I found the young tyrant raving and shrieking at the top of his voice, while Lucy, from whom he had evidently escaped half dressed, stood by, trying to coax him back, her whole appearance betokening very plainly the violence of the paroxysm to which she had been subjected. Her cap was off, lace and ribbon torn to atoms, her collar lying by it on the ground, and her apron, rent almost from its band, hanging like a rag from her waist. Her face, too, was very red and patchy, looking sadly as if the marks upon it were those of such blows as chubby hands like Willie's would deal.

At the first glimpse of me, the boy ceased screaming; and although his breath came fast and pantingly, and his eyes positively blazed with the passion he was holding in, he was quiet, returning my steadfast look with one equally steady, and thoroughly defiant.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "What has Willie been doing? I was going past, and his screams quite alarmed me. I was afraid he was very ill. Has he had a fit?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; he don't like to be dressed, that's all; he wants to stay and play with the kittens; and so he should, only I've promised Miss Bouverie to take him up to-day to the Court, and it's getting past the time.—Come, Willie darling, let me dress you, there's a dear, and you shall have the kitties when we come back."

But Master Willie was not to be coaxed or bribed: he had made up his mind, and his was no temper to be won from his will by soft words. The attempt only exasperated him, and he recommenced screaming.

"Put him to bed, Lucy," I said, sternly, "or use the rod; he deserves a severe punishment."

The child ceased again, listening for the answer to these bold words; not that he feared it, of course, for he knew his mother too well to fear her, but because he was uncertain how far I, whom he knew to have some authority in the house, might be disposed to use it against him.

But he needed not to fear: Lucy only replied despondingly—

"Oh, he doesn't mean any harm, ma'am, it's only his temper."

The old answer! Oh, how it vexed me!

Only his temper! Why what worse thing could it be? Madness, idiocy, or delirium, all things beyond the sufferer's own power, might have been urged as excuses; but by what perversion of intellect, what strange confusion of right and wrong, was sin, wilful deliberate sin, made an excuse?

"Oh, ma'am, don't think hard of him," said Lucy, in reply to my urgent remonstrance; "for he's but a child yet; all young things have their tempers, and he'll outgrow his soon, and be as good a lad as any in the parish—won't you, Willie? We mustn't expect too much of a baby like him: time enough to punish when he gets older."

Oh! the wretched sophistry! As if those who sought to train a sapling would wait until it grew old and stiff and rigid, before they bent its limbs and branches; or a forester, finding a nest of adders, would delay till they became strong and vigorous before he killed them!

Failing to awaken Lucy to a sense of the dangerous course she was pursuing with Willie, I tried her husband. But here, too, I failed. He listened silently and respectfully, neither assenting nor contradicting, but evidently thinking that I made a great unnecessary fuss about a perfectly natural and usual thing, and that passions, and tempers, were, somehow or other, as much part and parcel of infantine nature, as cutting teeth, or learning to walk.

It was useless, therefore, trying to make impressions upon such opinions, and therefore I desisted, hoping for the best, although fearing the worst, and trusting to circumstances for help.

But circumstances, instead of aiding to improve, only tended to make matters worse. Willie grew in health and beauty, no faster than in wilfulness and passionate determination to have his own way; and at four years old, it would have been difficult, far or near, to find a more resolute and violent nature than this young child's. The least opposition, the most reasonable demur to his wish, brought on fits of the most ungovernable rage; and as repetition and success gave them strength and daring, even the parents began to look with terror upon the effects of their weak indulgence, and to dread the future.

And at last the future came, sad and mournful as my gloomiest forebodings.

Measles of a malignant character broke out among the children of the village; and first and worst amongst those attacked, was Willie Fosbrooke. For many days he hovered between life and death; and when ultimately good nursing and a strong constitution triumphed over the disease, he remained so weak and languid, that the medical man warned his parents to guard him against the slightest exertion, or the least excitement, as either would be attended with imminent danger to life. After such words as these, of course the child was petted and humored more than ever; suffered to have his own way in everything, and do entirely as he pleased; while the bare suggestion that this was a mistaken and unwholesome system, dangerous even to his present health, and ruinous for the future, was looked upon as the very essence of cruelty and prejudice; and therefore, seeing this, I soon learned to be silent.

But the end was nearer than I thought.

Late one afternoon, while engaged in the garden, a little girl who lived near the lodge, and spent much of her time in playing with Willie, rushed in through the private gate from the shrubbery, and, running up to me, besought me to go directly to Mrs. Fosbrooke's.

"You must go directly—this very moment," she cried, breathlessly. "Willie's so bad; I think he's dead."

To throw down my hoe, and snatch up the garden bonnet I had left upon the rustic chair under the filbert-trees, was scarcely the work of an instant; and running through the lane almost as quickly as my companion, I speedily reached the lodge.

Just as I passed through the wicket from the road, I saw Gilbert disappear into the house and following him instantly, more appalled by the perfect silence which reigned all round than I should have been by the most piercing screams, I entered the cottage, and the sight which met my eye never surely shall be forgotten.

Upon the little sofa, under the trellised window, where his own flowers stood, lay Willie. His eyes were sunk and closed, his face was deadly pale, and from between his white livid lips came a thin crimson stream, which, gathering into a pool below his head, dyed his long curls hideously. The dimity cover, his own pinafore, the sanded floor, were all stained and gory with the same terrible fluid; so that anything more truly awful and expressive of violent death than the whole scene cannot well be conceived.

Leaning against the wall,—her eyes staring right onward, like one bereft of sense, her hands clenched till the nails were buried in the flesh, her white apron spotted and stained,—stood Lucy.

She never moved, never spoke as we entered, never answered her husband's cry of agony as he flung himself beside his child, never wept nor moaned, but only gazed straight on, as if her eyes saw something that ours could not.

After a little time, the silence was broken by the sound of horse's feet in fast gallop; and a moment after, the surgeon, who had been sent for, came up, and throwing himself from his horse, rushed in.

Starting from his knees, Gilbert made way for the doctor, gazing miserably into the face he bent upon the child; but whatever he saw there answered the question of his heart, for, uttering a piteous cry, he threw himself into a chair, and flinging his arms across the table, leaned his head upon them and moaned heavily.

Nothing, however, roused Lucy! The apathy of despair was on her; and the bitterest cry on all the earth, the voice of the deepest sorrow, would have failed to reach her.

Willie was dead—killed by a paroxysm of his own violent temper, which, too vehement for his poor weakened body to sustain, had rent the current of the life-blood asunder; and she, the mother who should have checked and punished in time, broken in the rebellious spirit at any cost, and into whose hands God had resigned the trust—she stood by to see, and tremble at her work.

For nearly a fortnight this sad state lasted; but when at length the weary spirit sunk under its heavy load, and tears came to the sufferer's relief, it was evident to all that Lucy's days were numbered—that the shock of Willie's death, the gnawing reproaches of her own conscience, were more than she could bear; and that the grass would not long have withered upon the boy's grave, before she too would claim a portion in the narrow mound from which the sods had been so lately raised.

And so it was. Over Lucy and Willie the earth has long since closed; and many a bright Sunday evening, when her old companions come out of Church, groups form round the hillock beneath which she lies, and, in low awed voices, tell the tale of the beautiful boy whose ungoverned temper caused his own death, and her's who loved him so unwisely.

Happily, such experiences as this fall to the lot of few. Many an old woman tells such tales over the winter fire; and those who listen, draw their breath sharply when the legend is done; and, looking upon it, only as an effect of imagination, coined at the moment to work upon the wilful spirit of some young auditor, marvel not a little at the terrible structure grandmamma has contrived to build upon so small a foundation; and, glancing round upon the youthful circle, speculate in their older wisdom upon how much and how far they have been "taken in."

For, like poor Lucy, few attach any great or distinct ideas of future consequence, to the wills and tempers of childhood; like her, they say to the remonstrances of wiser heads, "Oh! it's only his temper;" and the excuse passes, the passion blows over, leaving, may-be, no visible trace of evil at the time. But in the unseen depths of the child's young heart—more thoughtful, more deductive than its elders imagine—woful mischief has been done; fury and pertinacity have won their will, and the lesson is not forgotten. The rage which forces submission to the demand for a new doll, or top, will hereafter be remembered when the strife is for greater things; and the wretched household, the terrified wife, will in years to come bear mournful witness to the danger of the mother's mistaken theory.

As I write, a circumstance flashes across my mind, which,—as illustrating the unthinking folly of some parents in their indulgence of children's tempers,—is worth recording, although, I dare say, that one-half of the people who read it, not being able to "see themselves as ithers see them," and, therefore, being in total ignorance of their weakness, will declaim against its improbability, and declare it to be too ridiculous, too outrageous; and contemptuously ask how they "can be expected to believe such nonsense."

Nevertheless, the anecdote is true, and the sequel may be daily read at a certain old Baronial Hall in C——shire, where the hero, faithful to his early teaching, "rides the roast beef" over his trembling wife and children, and, one after another, scares away every creature from his house, who, having been unwarily entrapped into it, gladly seizes the first opportunity of escape.

About five-and-thirty years ago a party of ladies, whom—upon condition that I "behaved myself properly,"—I was permitted to accompany, paid a morning visit to the mistress of a beautiful old place in C——shire, of which, upon her father's death, she had lately become the possessor.

As I was supposed to be far too young to care for, or be interested in, the gossip of my companions, they made no scruple in freely canvassing the character of the Chatelaine as we drove along; and the impression left upon my mind as we entered the park, was, that I was going to see the very silliest, weakest little simpleton who had ever existed since the days of Eve.

How far my expectations were realized, those who read may judge.

As had been predicted, we found Lady ——— sitting in state in the great drawing-room—his elaborate and magnificent costume, totally out of keeping with the occasion and hour, contrasting most absurdly with her insignificant little figure, which literally seemed lost in it.

After enduring her ladyship's conversation with a patience which, child as I was, I had sense enough to see was anything but genuine, and listening with well-concealed indifference and incredulity to her ill-bred egotism, my friends had just risen to take leave, when a piercing scream, in which the voice of passion was easily recognizable, and which was repeated again and again, rang through the house, echoing strangely in the long, low, solemn chamber where we sat.

To spring to her feet with a cry of alarm, and ring the bell violently, was the hostess's instant impulse and action; and so long and continued were the cries, that, when the summons was answered, we, as well as herself, turned eagerly to the door, ready to join in her fearful exclamation:

"What is the matter? What is the matter?"

"Nothing, my lady, nothing at all," answered the man, gravely; "it's only Master George."

"But what is the matter with him? Is he ill? Is he hurt?"

"Oh, no, my lady; he's only been kicking the nursery-maid."

"What for? What has she been doing to him?"

"Nothing, my lady; only he's run away from her, and now he wants to ride on the roast beef."

"The what?" cried one of the ladies.

"The beef that's roasting at the kitchen fire, madam," replied the servant demurely; adding, as another terrible shriek pierced our ears, "—but he's in a rare passion, that's a sure thing."

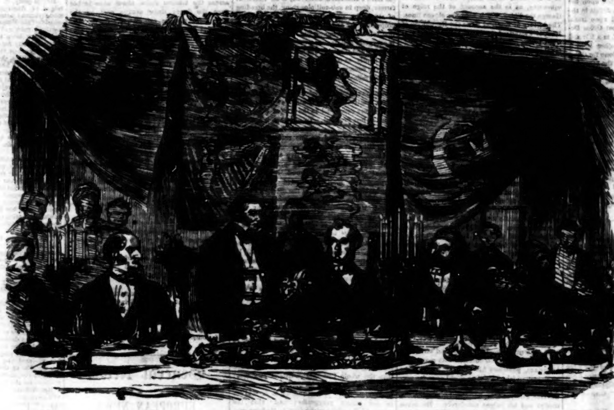
"Then why in the world do you tease him? Why can't he ride on the roast beef if he likes?"

The man bowed, and the lady went on angrily,—"You know his temper, and it is abominable to irritate him so. He is the best child in the world," she continued, turning to her guests; as, passing through the hall, we could hear distinctly the amiable youth's kicks and struggles on his enforced journey up stairs, "only he's so high-spirited he cannot endure contradiction. Poor fellow!" And she went forward as if to leave the room, and administer to the sufferer's comfort. "I can't bear to hear his sorrow. Tell Willis, John, that if this occurs again, if she thwarts and teases the child in this way, she must leave."

The man bowed once more, and disappeared, too much accustomed, I dare say, to his mistress's profound wisdom to feel the smallest surprise at this exhibition of it; and we took our leave at the same time, duly impressed with the sense which, I suspect, her ladyship could have thought it the least likely for any one to entertain—a deep commiseration for Master George's unhappy fate, in being tied with such a temper, to such a mother; and speculating upon the extreme felicity of residing in the same house with two such beings.

E. J. B.

Our Picture Gallery.



THE BANQUET TO VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER AT THE REFORM CLUB, PALL-MALL.

We copy the above engraving from the London Illustrated News, for the likenesses it gives of Sir Charles Napier, the Admiral of the Baltic fleet, Viscount Palmerston, &c. Sir Charles Napier, upon the right of the Chairman (Viscount Palmerston), is addressing the company, in return for his health. Next Sir Charles Napier are seated Sir James Graham, and Admiral Berkeley; and on the left of the Chairman are the Turkish Minister and Namik Pacha. In the rear are the only decorations of the dining-room for the Festival, namely, the French, English and Turkish ensigns—which were arranged alternately around the apartment.

Selected Sketch.

TREEING A HUNTER.

Buffalo hunting is not all sport without peril. The hunter frequently risks his life, and numerous have been the fatal results of encounters with these animals. The bulls, when wounded, cannot be approached, even on horseback, without considerable risk, while a dismounted hunter has but a slight chance of escaping. The buffalo runs with a gait apparently heavy and lumbering—first bearing to one side, then to the other, like a ship at sea; but this gait, although not equal in speed to that of a horse, is far too fast for a man on foot; and the swiftest runner, unless favored by a tree or some other object, will be surely overtaken, and either gored to death by the animal's horns, or pounded to a jelly under its heavy hoofs. Instances of the kind are far from being rare, and, could amateur hunters only get at the buffalo, such occurrences would be fearfully common.

I was once travelling with Bent's train from Fort Independence to Santa Fe. One evening, after the wagons had been *corralled*, and my animal had got some rest and a bite of corn, I leaped into the saddle, and set out to see if I could find something fresh for my own supper. It was a rolling prairie, and the camp was soon hidden from my sight—as it lay in a hollow between two swells. Trusting to the sky for my direction, therefore, I continued on. After riding about a mile, I should think, I came upon buffalo signs. It was not the first time for me, and I saw at a glance that the sign was fresh. There were several wallows; and I could tell by the tracks, in the dusk, that there had been nothing but bulls in that quarter. A cow track would have pleased me better; but, after all, thought I, a fresh bull's tongue is better for a change than salt bacon; so I followed the trail in hopes of getting one. Shortly after, I came to a place where the ground was ploughed up, as if a drove of hogs had been rooting it. Here there had been a terrible fight among the bulls—it was the rutting season, when such conflicts occur. This angered well. Perhaps there are cows in the neighborhood, reasoned I, as I gave the spur to my horse, and followed the trail with more spirit.

I had ridden full five miles from camp, when my attention was attracted by an odd noise ahead of me. There was a ridge in front that prevented me from seeing what produced the noise; but I knew what it was—it was the bellowing of a buffalo bull. At intervals, there were quick shocks as of two hard substances coming in violent contact with each other. I mounted the ridge with caution, and looked over its crest. There was a valley beyond; a cloud of dust was rising out of its bottom, and in the midst of this I could distinguish two huge forms—dark and hirsute. I saw at once that they were a pair of buffalo bulls engaged in a fierce fight. They were alone: there were no others in sight, either in the valley or in the prairie beyond.

I did not halt longer than to see that the cap was on my rifle, and to cock the piece. Occupied as the animals were, I did not imagine they would heed me; or, if they should attempt flight, I knew I could easily overtake one or the other—so, without further hesitation or precaution, I rode towards them. Contrary to my expectation, they both winded me and started off. The wind was blowing freshly towards them, and the sun had thrown my shadow between them, so as to draw their attention. They did not run, however, as if badly scared; on the contrary, they went off apparently indignant at being disturbed in their fight, and every now and then both came round with short turnings, snorted, and struck the prairie with their hoofs in a violent and angry manner. Once or twice I fancied they were going to charge back upon me; and had I been otherwise than well mounted I should have been very chary of risking such an encounter. A more formidable pair of antagonists, as far as appearances went, could not have been well conceived. Their huge size, their shaggy fronts and fierce glaring eyeballs gave them a wild and malicious seeming, which was heightened by their bellowing, and the threatening attitudes in which they continually placed themselves.

Feeling quite safe in my saddle, I galloped up to the nearest, and sent my bullet into his ribs. It did the work. He fell to his knees—rose again—spread out his legs, as if to prevent a second fall—rocked from side to side like a cradle—again came to his knees; and, after remaining in this position for some minutes, with the blood running from his nostrils, rolled quietly over on his shoulder, and lay dead.

I had watched these manœuvres with interest, and permitted the second bull to make his escape—a side glance had shown me the latter disappearing over the crest of the swell. I did not care to follow him, as my horse was somewhat jaded, and I knew it would cost me a sharp gallop to come up with him again; so I thought no more of him at the time, but alighted and prepared to deal with the one already slain. There stood a solitary tree near the spot—it was a stunted elm. There were others on the prairie, but they were distant; this one was not twenty yards from the carcass. I led my horse up to it, and taking the trail-rope from the horn of the saddle, made one end fast to the bit ring and the other to the tree. I then went back, drew my knife, and proceeded to cut the buffalo.

I had hardly wetted my blade when a noise from behind caused me to leap to an upright attitude, and look round. At the first glance I comprehended all. A huge dark object was passing the crest of the ridge, and rushing down the hill towards the spot where I stood. It was a buffalo bull—the same that had just left me. The sight, at first thought, rather pleased me than otherwise. Although I did not want any more, I should have the triumph of carrying two tongues instead of one to the camp. I therefore hurriedly sheathed my knife and laid hold of my rifle, which, according to custom, I had taken the precaution to re-load. I hesitated a moment whether to run to my horse and mount him, or fire from where I stood; that question, however, was settled by the buffalo. The tree and the horse were to one side of the direction in which he was running, but, being attracted by the loud snorting of the latter, which had begun to pitch and plunge violently, and deeming it perhaps a challenge, he suddenly swerved from his course, and ran full tilt upon the horse. The latter shot out instantly to the full length of the trail-rope—a heavy "pluck" sounded in my ears, and the next instant I saw my horse part from the tree and scour off over the prairie as if there had been a thistle under his tail. I had knotted the rope negligently upon the bit-ring, and the knot had come undone.

I was chagrined, but not alarmed as yet. My horse would no doubt follow back his own trail, and at the worst I should only have to walk to the camp. I should have the satisfaction of punishing the buffalo for the trick he had served me; and with this design I turned towards him. I saw that he had not followed the horse, but was again heading himself in my direction. Now, for the first time, it occurred to me that I was in something of a scrape. The bull was coming furiously on. Should my shot miss, or even should it only wound him, how was I to escape? I knew that he could overtake me in three minutes' stretch—I knew it well.

I had not much time for reflection—not a moment, in fact; the infuriated animal was within few paces of me. I raised my rifle, aimed at his fore-shoulder, and fired. I saw that I had hit him; but, to my dismay, he neither fell nor stumbled, but continued to charge forward more furiously than ever. To reload was impossible. My pistols had gone off with my horse and holsters. Even to reach the tree was impossible: the bull was between it and me. Right in the opposite direction was the only thing that held out the prospect of five minutes' safety: I turned and ran. I can run as fast as most men, and upon that occasion I did my best. It would have put Gildersleeve into a white sweat to have distanced me; but I had not been two minutes at it when I felt conscious that the buffalo gained upon me, and was almost treading upon my heels. I knew it only by my ears—I dared not spare time to look back.

At this moment, an object appeared before me, that promised, one way or another, to interrupt the chase. It was a ditch or gully that intersected my path at right angles. It was several feet in depth, dry at the bottom, and with perpendicular sides. I was almost upon its hedge before I noticed it; but the moment it came under my eye, I saw that it offered all the means of a temporary safety at least. If I could only leap this gully, I felt satisfied that the buffalo could not. It was a sharp leap—at least fifteen feet from cheek to cheek: but I had done more than that in my time; and, without halting in my gait, I ran forward to the edge, and sprang over. I now ascertained how near my end I had been: the bull was already up to the gully. Had I not made a leap at the moment I did, I should have been by that time dancing upon his horns. He himself had balked at the leap—the deep, chasm-like cleft had cowed him. He saw that he could not clear it, and now stood upon the opposite bank with head lowered, and spread nostrils, his tail lashing his smooth flanks, while his glaring black eyes expressed the full measure of his baffled rage. I remarked that my shot had taken effect in his shoulder, as the blood trickled from his long hair. I had almost begun to congratulate myself on having escaped, when a hurried glance to the right, and another to the left, cut short my happiness. I saw that on both sides, at a distance of less than fifty paces, the gully shallowed out into the plain, where it ended; at either end, it was, of course, passable. The bull observed this almost at the same time as myself, and, suddenly turning away from the brink, he ran along the edge of the chasm, evidently with the intention of turning it. In less than a minute's time, we were once more on the same side, and my situation appeared as terrible as ever; but, stepping back for a short run, I re-leaped the chasm, and we again stood on opposite sides.

During all these manœuvres I held on to my rifle; and seeing now that I might have time to reload it, I commenced feeling for my powder-horn. To my astonishment, I could not lay my hands upon it. I looked down to my breast for the sling—it was not there; belt and bullet-pouch, too,—all were gone! I remembered lifting them over my head, when I set about cutting the dead bull. They were lying by the carcass. This discovery was a new source of chagrin; but for my negligence, I could now have mastered my antagonist. To reach the ammunition would be impossible—I should be overtaken before I got half-way to it. I was not allowed much time to indulge in my regrets; the bull had again turned the ditch, and was once more upon the same side with me, and I was compelled to take another leap. I really do not remember how often I sprang backwards and forwards across that chasm—I should think a score of times at least; I became wearied with the exercise. The leap was just as much as I could do at my best; and as I was growing weaker at each fresh spring, I became satisfied that I should soon leap short, and crush myself against the steep rocky sides of the chasm.—Should I fall to the bottom, my pursuer could easily reach me by entering at either end, and I began to dread such a finale. The vengeful brute showed no symptoms of retiring—on the contrary, the numerous disappointments seemed only to render him more determined in his resentment.

An idea now suggested itself to my mind. I had looked all round to see if there might not be something that offered a better security. There were trees, but they were too distant, the only one near was that to which my horse had been tied. It was a small one, and, like all of its species, (it was a cotton-wood,) there were no branches near the root. I knew that I could climb up it by embracing the trunk, which was not over ten inches in diameter. Could I only succeed in reaching it, it would at least shelter me better than the ditch, of which I was getting heartily tired. But the question was, could I reach it before the bull? It was about three hundred yards off. By proper manœuvring, I should have a start of fifty. Even with that, it would be a "close shave;" and it proved so! I arrived at the tree, and sprang up it like a mountebank; but the hot breath of the buffalo steamed after me as I ascended, and the concussion of his heavy skull against the trunk almost shook me back upon his horns. After a severe effort, I succeeded in lodging myself among the branches.

I was now safe from all immediate danger, but how was the affair to end? I knew from the experience of others that my enemy might stay for hours by the tree—perhaps for days. Hours would be enough. I could not stand it long. I hungered, but a worse appetite tortured me—thirst. The hot sun, the ditch, the violent exertion of the past hour, all contributed to make me thirsty. Even then I would have risked life for a draught of water. What would it come to should I not be relieved? I had but one hope—that my companions would come to my relief; but I knew that that would not be before morning. They would miss me of course. Perhaps my horse would return to camp—that would not be before night had fallen. In the darkness, they could not follow my trail. Could they do so in the light? This last question, which I had put to myself, startled me. I was just in a condition to look upon the dark side of everything, and it now occurred to me that they might not be able to find me! There were many possibilities that they might not. There were numerous horse-trails on the prairie, where Indians had passed. I saw this when tracking the buffalo. Besides, it might rain in the night, and obliterate them all—my own with the rest. They were not likely to find me by chance. A circle of ten miles diameter is a large tract. It was a rolling prairie, full of inequalities, ridges with valleys between. The tree upon which I was perched stood in the bottom of one of the valleys—it could not be seen from any point over three hundred yards distant. Those searching for me might pass within half, without perceiving either the tree or the valley.

I remained for a long time busied with such gloomy thoughts and forebodings. Night was coming on, but the fierce and obstinate brute showed no disposition to raise the siege. He remained watchful as ever, walking round and round at intervals, lashing his tail, and uttering that snorting sound so well known to the prairie-hunter, and which so much resembles the snorting of hogs when suddenly alarmed.

While watching his various manœuvres, an object on the ground attracted my attention—it was the trail-rope left by my horse. One end of it was fastened round the trunk by a firm knot—the other lay far out upon the prairie, where it had been dragged. My attention had been drawn to it by the bull himself, which in crossing had noticed, and now and then pawed it with his hoofs.

All at once a bright idea flashed upon me—a sudden hope arose within me—a plan of escape presented itself, so feasible and possible, that I leaped in my perch as the thought struck me.

The first step was to get possession of the rope. This was not such an easy matter. The rope was fastened around the tree, but the knot had slipped down the trunk and lay upon the ground. I dared not descend for it.

Necessity soon suggested a plan. My "picker"—a piece of straight wire with a ring-end—hung from one of my breast buttons. This I took hold of, and bent into the shape of a grappling-hook. I had no cord, but my knife was still safe in its sheath; and, drawing this, I cut several thongs from the skirt of my buckskin shirt, and knotted them together until they formed a string long enough to reach the ground. To one end I attached the picker; and then letting it down, I commenced angling for the rope. After a few traverses drags, the hook caught the latter, and I pulled it up into the tree, taking the whole of it in until I held the loose end in my hands. The other end I permitted to remain as it was: I saw it was securely knotted round the trunk, and that was just what I wanted. It was my intention to lasso the bull, and for that purpose I proceeded to make a running noose on the end of the trail-rope. This I executed with great care, and with all my skill. I could depend upon the rope: it was raw hide, and better was never twisted; but I knew that if any thing should chance to slip at a critical moment, it might cost me my life. With this knowledge, therefore, I spliced the eye, and made the knot as firm as possible, and then the loop was reeved through, and the thing was ready.

I could throw a lasso tolerably well, but the branches prevented me from winding it. It was necessary, therefore, to get the animal in a certain position under the tree, which, by shouts and other demonstrations, I at length succeeded in effecting. The moment of success had arrived. He stood almost directly below me. The noose was shot down—I had the gratification to see it settle around his neck; and with a quick jerk I tightened it. The rope ran beautifully through the eye, until both eye and loop were buried beneath the shaggy hair of the animal's neck. It embraced his throat in the right place, and I felt confident it would hold.

The moment the bull felt the jerk upon his throat, he dashed madly out from the tree, and then commenced running around it. Contrary to my intention the rope had slipped from my hands at the first drag upon it. My position was rather an unsteady one, for the branches were slender, and I could not manage matters as well as I could have wished. But now I felt confident enough. The bull was tethered, and it only remained for me to get out beyond the length of his tether, and take to my heels. My gun lay one side, near the tree, where I had dropped it in my race; this, of course, I meant to carry off with me. I waited, therefore, until the animal, in one of his circles had got round to the opposite side, and then slipping down the trunk, I sprang out, picked up my rifle, and ran. I knew the trail-rope to be twenty yards in length, but I ran one hundred at least before making a halt. I had even thoughts of continuing on, as I still could not help some misgivings about the rope. The bull was one of the largest and strongest I had ever seen. The rope might break, the knot upon the tree might give way, or the noose might slip over his head. Curiosity, however, or rather a desire to be assured of my safety, prompted me to look around, when, to my joy, I beheld the huge monster stretched upon the plain. I could see the rope as taut as a bow-string; and the tongue was protruding from the animal's jaws, showed me that he was strangling himself as fast as I could desire.

At the sight, the idea of buffalo-tongue for supper returned in all its vigor; and it now occurred to me that I should eat that very tongue, and no other. I immediately turned on my tracks, ran towards my powder and ball-pouch, which, in my eagerness to escape, I had forgotten about—seized the horn and pouch, poured in a charge, rammed down a bullet, and then stealing nimbly up behind the struggling bull, I placed the muzzle within three feet of his brisket, and fired. He gave a death-kick or two, and then lay quiet; it was all over with him.

I had the tongue from between his teeth in a twinkling; and, proceeding to the bull, I finished the operations I had commenced upon him. I was too tired to think of carrying a very heavy load, so I contented myself with the tongues, and slinging those over the barrel of my rifle, I shouldered it, and commenced groping my way back to the camp. The moon had risen, and I had no difficulty in following my trail; but before I had got half-way, I met several of my companions. My horse had got back a little before sunset. His appearance had, of course, produced alarm, and half the camp had turned out in search of me. Several who had a relish for fresh meat, galloped back to strip the two bulls of the remaining tit-bits; but before midnight all had returned, and to the accompaniment of the hump-ribs spurting in the cheerful blaze, I recounted to my companions the details of my adventure.

"What monstrous things these cotton factors must be," said Mrs. Partington, "I've told some of 'em has more than a hundred hands. My poor Paul often wanted me to go and see them, but I'm thankful I never went."

Selected Articles.

NATIONAL DANCES.

There are a large number of dances which may be properly called national dances, as they partake in a considerable measure of the character of the people of the countries to which they belong, and from which they are named.

The dances of the Moors and Arabs were of a wild and barbaric nature, while those of Spain and France, during the same period of history, were of a more stately and dignified character. Dances were of course much more simple at first, than now; because, when first practised, the music which accompanied them was of an extreme vague and unsatisfactory character and not at all measurable in the way of rhythm, or time; and as music became more complicated, so also did the dances. We will proceed to give the name, and known, or supposed origin, of the principal forms and dances of which we have any accurate account.

First, then, we will speak of the *Minuet*. This was a French dance, whose name seems to have been derived from *Minor*, signifying a short pace, a movement. It was performed by the gravest persons, and esteemed a great accomplishment. The time was very slow, and the figure exceedingly elegant. It has long been out of use.

The Saraband, was a Moorish dance of considerable antiquity. It used to be greatly admired and danced by the Spaniards, but of late years has gone into disrepute. Was of a wild, nervous character, and is said to have excited much animation and energy in those who practised it.

The Gavot had a formal, but a graceful movement. The name is supposed to have been taken from that of a people inhabiting a district in France, called the Gap. It had its invention about the year 1660. Is now obsolete.

The Chacone is a dance about the origin of which there has been great controversy and dispute. Some claim that it is a Persian, or Saracenic movement, taking its name from the *Persic Schock*; while others contend that it was introduced into Spain by the Moors, with whom it originated. The former has the most semblance of probability. The figure is quite forgotten.

The Fandango is a Spanish peasant dance, introduced by the Moors, and by them brought from Arabia. Its figure is similar to that of the hornpipe, and is danced by a male and female. It is of a voluptuous cast, and can easily be made vulgar in character. This is still one of the national dances of Spain.

The Hornpipe is of English invention. The name is from a musical instrument in Wales, called the Pibcorn. It is an old fashioned dance, and of it there are many varieties.

The Jig is of Teutonic origin. The name is from *Geig*. It is not danced now in its original form.

The Coronto was a "jumping dance," much in vogue in France number of years ago. Is now entirely out of use.

The Morice Dance originated just before the reign of Henry the Eighth, of England. It is derived from the *Morisco* of the Moors. The *Morisco* was known as early as the year 790.

The Sicilian, is a modern dance, called after the island where it was invented. It is simple in figure, and movement; the latter being rather quick and animated.

The Country Dance arose in the Provincial towns of England, whence it probably received its name. There are many kinds of country dances.

The Bolero is a genuine Spanish *Divertissement*, and is graceful and pleasing. Usually danced by one person.

The Waltz is indigenous to Germany, but is now common all over the world. There are many kinds of waltzes; some of them graceful, others vulgar and indecent. Among the most pleasing are the *Landler* and *Styrien waltzes*.

The Schottische is a modern dance, native of Germany. At this time is very popular.

The Polka is a native of Hungary, and is claimed as a dance of modern invention. Yet, from the description of Lavolta, in Sir John Davies's poem on dancing, the "Orchestra," (1596) shows that it must have closely resembled the present day Polka. It runs as follows:

"Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound;
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their music song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

The "anapest" is conclusive; it points exactly to the peculiar nature of the Polka, the pause on the third step. Moreover, it appears that there is no especial figure for the Polka, as there was none for the Lavolta—for it is classed among those dances.

"Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won,
Which, with best order, can all orders shun;
For everywhere he wantonly must range,
And turn and wind with unexpected change."

Who can doubt after this, that the Polka was certainly danced before Queen Elizabeth?

The Mazourka is a Polish dance; also the Redowa. The former is of rather a wild character, while the latter is more decorous.

The Rindko of the Russians, is more grotesque than graceful or becoming.

The Disko of the Wallachians, is a pleasing dance. It is quite unknown in this country.

The Gallopade is a native of France. It is a stormy and boisterous dance. The music is quick and distinctly accented.

The Pavon was a grave, ceremonial, and stately dance, of great antiquity, in vogue among the higher classes of Europe many years ago. The name is from *Pavo*, Peacock. A celebrated historian says of the *Pavon*—"It is a majestic dance, for gentlemen in cap and sword, those of the 'long robe,' in their gowns; princes in their mantles; and ladies in long trains, the motion whereof resembled a peacock's tail."

The Galliard was a movement which always followed the *Pavon*, and was of a more sprightly character. Neither is used at this time.

The Quadrille, or *Cotillion*, is of French origin, and used to be the principal dance in Europe and this country. It is going into disuse now; and more fanciful dances are taking its place.

There are a considerable number of fashionable dances at the present day, which are generally well known, and which want of time and space prevent us from enumerating; but we have mentioned the most important, and most national of those now known, and those admired in other days.

How to Clarify Water.—A correspondent of the Sydney Morning Herald says:—At this place both the water and the pasturage were bad; the former, in fact, could hardly be used, and this, we found, was a difficulty which attended us throughout the journey. Fortunately, however, we had provided ourselves with a very simple remedy, in the shape of a supply of alum. Even the muddiest water can be made clear as crystal by mixing with it a small portion of this mineral, pounded very fine—say a pennyweight to the bucket. In less than a minute after the alum is applied, all the clay and other impurities held in solution coagulate and fall to the bottom, leaving the water above perfectly clear.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible] careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters must be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be "The Step Mother," by Mrs. Denison, author of "Home Pictures," &c.—Original Sketches by Grace Greenwood and by Fanny Fern—Miriam, the Avenger; or the Fatal Vow, by Mrs. Southworth—Letters from Demerara by Mrs. Denison—Letters from Europe by "C. G." and the Rev. Mr. Richmond, &c., &c.

Choice Selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the news which we publish this week, it will be perceived that the Russian forces very naturally have crossed the Danube and assailed their Turkish opponents, in order to cripple them if possible before the arrival of the allies. We do not view the triumphs of the Russians so far, as of any material consequence. By a reference to the map, our readers will perceive that they have abandoned the seige of Kalafat—which is on the Wallachian or northern side of the Danube—and crossed that river at various lower points between Oltenitza and the Black Sea. They have taken several fortresses, defended by a comparatively insignificant force, and now occupy the tract of country which lies between the Danube (which here stretches boldly to the North) and the Black Sea—a marshy plain of little importance, called the Dobrudja. Judging from the fact that they have demolished the fortresses they have taken, they evidently are aware that before many months they may have to retrace their footsteps. We doubt very much that they will be willing to risk a great battle with the allied forces anywhere south of the Danube. For defeat, with a large river in their rear, might involve the loss of their whole army.

It is, we grant, unfortunate for Turkey, that some four or five weeks necessarily must elapse before the arrival at the field of action of the French and English forces. But she ought to be able to prevent the Russians passing the Balkan range in that period. The allied armies [illegible]

[illegible]

DECLARATIONS OF WAR.—The London Times says that, according to modern practice, [illegible] is [illegible] conveyed to his enemy that war has been declared against him. This, we think, is hardly so civil and chivalrous as the old practice of declaring war through a herald.

AN AMNESTY.—The Queen of Spain has liberated all the prisoners implicated in the Lopez Cuban expedition. It will be remembered that only the American ones were pardoned at the desire of our government.

New Publications.

Who censures all, his censure is perdition; who praises all, his praise is worthless.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

In this book a great deal of information is compressed into a very small compass; perhaps in a few instances the compression amounts to squeezing, as in the account of the reign of George the Third, which occupies eleven lines. The history of England since the Revolution of 1688, is comprised in about three pages, prefaced by the remark that "the events succeeding that period could neither be easily related nor easily understood in a book like this."

Books written for children should be childlike, but not childish. We fear that such remarks as the following belong to the lower class:

"I hope Miss Lane was going to marry that cousin; if I had been that cousin, I should certainly have loved her."

Or this, in reference to Charles:

"He galloped away on horseback to join some Scotch Highland friends who were always flourishing dirks and broadswords."

All in all, this book exceeds in clearness and interest all the Juvenile Histories it has ever been our fortune to meet. Divesting the traditions of the past of all superfluous rubbish, especially that of unimportant dates, he has distilled the remainder through his own philosophic and dramatic brain, until we have not only the wheat from the chaff, but the alcohol from the wheat; not distorting facts by interposing the medium of fancy, but proving that the essence of facts is a something truer than the facts themselves, as the gold is truer than the ore.

The manner in which the author alludes to the United States, regarding [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the results of chemical analysis, it might be found in the facts that more Port is drunk in the United States in one year than passes through the Custom-House in [illegible]; that more Champagne is consumed in America alone than the whole Champagne district produces; that Cognac brandy costs four times as much in France, where it is made, as it is sold for in our corner groggeries; and that the failure of the whole grape crop in Madeira produced no apparent diminution in the quantity, nor at all corresponding increase in the price of the Wine.

Clippings.

☞ Sir John Sinclair says that agriculture, though in general capable of being reduced to simple principles, yet requires on the whole a greater variety of knowledge than any other art.

☞ Great place for fun is Mexico. The girls and boys do nothing but play till they are twenty-one. They then marry, and spend the rest of their days in visiting country cousins, smoking, eating soup and going to mass. For a free and easy style of folks, you may put the Mexicans in the front seat.

☞ Whatever we may think of women's right to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her right to *bare* arms—and the prettier the better and more irresistible. This is a right descended from Mother Eve, and recognized by all good society from the earliest ages of civilization.

☞ There are few men that do not love. One takes to pretty calico, another to bad gin, another to long nines, a fourth to dogs and horses, and so on. A man must have something on which to plant his affections, or collapse right down.

☞ A "Beard Union" is in course of formation at Edinburgh, its object being "to forward by all legitimate means the cause of the beard, and by union to overcome the foolish prejudice against that manly ornament."

☞ Dr. Gardiner, the English chemist, has taken out a patent for his preparation of roasted coffee leaves, which are but little inferior to tea as a beverage. Very likely.

☞ What is a Bloomer? A woman who *pants* for notoriety.

[illegible]

"I can't say it does at present, my dear,
But I dare say it will—it's so like you!"

☞ Seneca wrote in praise of poverty, on a table formed of solid gold, with two millions of pounds let out at interest.

☞ It was a Portland lady that said she would make a poor sailor, and to which a [illegible] friend replied, but you would make an excellent mate though.

☞ "What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the poor-house, to the penitentiary, and to the gallows," was the instinctive reply.

☞ When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has abundant grounds.

General News.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

WAR DECLARED.

By the arrival of the Hermann and the America, we have seven days later news, being to the 1st inst. The former reports passing immense quantities of ice.

The courier sent by England and France to the Czar with the ultimatum of the allied powers, has arrived at London, with the declaration that no answer would be returned. The official announcement of this fact was made to Parliament by Queen Victoria, on the 27th.

The message of the Queen to Parliament concluded with the declaration that she relied upon the bravery of the Army and Navy in this emergency.

The latest intelligence received by mail at London reported that Austria appeared to be more inclined toward the Western Powers. This report, coupled with a rise in the English consols, had caused a rally on the Paris Bourse. The three per cents. closed at 62f 60c, and after regular hours they were done at 62f 80c. Four and a-half per cents. quoted at 88f 90c.

The failure of Le Roy de Chairrol & Co., bankers, of Paris, is reported. The liabilities are large.

VIENNA, Friday, March 31.—A despatch has just been received announcing that, on the 29th, the Russians attacked Kalafat, and captured three of the redoubts.

The rupture between Otho, King of Greece, and the Sultan is complete.

The Austrian Bank, on Thursday, declined to advance the Government [illegible] cash on the security of the State domains.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 20th.—The steamers Retribution and Caton have returned from their expedition to the mouth of the Danube, without succeeding in freeing it from the obstructions placed there by the Russians.

On the 23d of March, Gortschakoff crossed the Danube, above Tulska, capturing eleven guns and 200 prisoners. He occupied Tulska and several forts on the right bank.

General Luders crossed with the main body from Galatz, without much loss, and full 50,000 Russian troops now occupy the right bank of the Danube.

On the 23d, General Luders commenced the preparations for the seige of Matschin, and on the same day, the Russians attempted to cross the Danube at Oltenitza, when a desperate battle ensued, in which the Russians were repulsed. The carnage was most dreadful. Three thousand Russians were killed, and the Turks so badly cut up that they had to retire to their entrenchments.

On the very day the Russians commenced crossing the Danube, Omar Pacha had intended to attack the Russian head-quarters at Pogane. The plan of the battle had been prepared, and the entire force put under marching orders.

The Turkish forces were to have been commanded by Col. Drew, a French officer. The Russian movements, however, in other quarters disconcerted the plan.

The Russians were abandoning their forts on the East coast of the Black Sea.

Sukam Kale had been plundered and burnt by the Circassians.

It was rumored that the Turks were preparing to attack Sebastopol.

It seems that Omar is prepared for his adversaries. He has 40,000 men in his right wing, with a line of works connecting with Sylistria and Shumla.

A skirmish between the Russians and Turks had occurred at the bridge at Turkatai. The Turks destroyed the bridge and a large number of Russians, it is said, though doubtless a great exaggeration, 2,000, were precipitated into the [illegible]

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 10th, a number of petitions having been presented, and several resolutions of inquiry adopted, the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up.

Mr. Gwin urged the importance of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific by means of a railway. He advocated the bill reported by the Select Committee, of which he is Chairman. [illegible]

[illegible]

[The proposition relating to ocean postage, is not unreasonable. The others we notice elsewhere.—*Ed. Post.*]

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 15.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

FLOUR AND MEAL.—[illegible]

GRAIN.—[illegible]

PROVISIONS.—[illegible]

COFFEE.—[illegible]

COTTON.—[illegible]

DRUGS AND DYES.—[illegible]

FEATHERS.—[illegible]

FISH.—[illegible]

FRUIT.—[illegible]

IRON.—[illegible]

LEAD.—[illegible]

LUMBER.—[illegible]

MOLASSES.—[illegible]

NAVAL STORES.—[illegible]

OILS.—[illegible]

PLASTER.—[illegible]

RICE.—[illegible]

SALT.—[illegible]

SPICES.—[illegible]

SPIRITS.—[illegible]

ASK ANY ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, No. 3½ South Third Street.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

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[illegible]

MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF A [illegible]

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[illegible]

To [illegible]; and he will teach
Thy knees their due observance of prayer.

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace;
Nor hath thy babe his mission left undone.
To me, at least, his going hence hath given
Serener thoughts and nearer to the skies,
And opened a new fountain in my heart
For thee, my friend, and all: and, oh, if Death
More near approaches meditates, and clasps
Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,
God, strengthen Thou my faith, that I may see
That 'tis Thine angel, who, with loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine
Doth waken Thy beloved with a kiss!

Selected Articles.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

From a recent article entitled Holland House, in Household Words, we take the following interesting passages:—

A Marvellous Old Gentleman.—Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of the new race, was the younger son of that marvellous old gentleman, Sir Stephen Fox, who, after having had a numerous offspring by one wife, at the age of seventy six married another, and had three more children, two of whom founded the noble families of Holland and Ilchester. It was reported that he had been a singing-boy in a cathedral. Walpole says he was a footman; and the late Lord Holland, who was a man of too noble a nature to affect ignorance of these traditions, candidly owns that he was a man of "very humble origin." Noble families must begin with somebody; and with whom could the new one have better begun than with this stout and large-hearted gentleman, who after doing real service in the courts in which he rose, and founding institutions for the benefit of his native place, closed a life full of health, activity, and success, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

An Elopement.—A curious story is told of the elopement of the Duke of Richmond's daughter, Lady Caroline Lenox, with one of the Foxes. The Duke was a grandson of King Charles the Second, and both he and the Duchess had declined to favor the suit of Mr. Fox, the son of the equivocal Sir Stephen. [illegible]

[illegible]

... and a friend, one day, without a penny in their pockets, walked thither from Oxford, a distance of fifty-six miles; for the purpose, we suppose, of getting a supply. They contrived to do it without stopping on the road; but the day was hot; an alehouse became irresistible; and on arriving at their journey's end, Charles thus addressed his father, who was drinking his coffee:

"You must send half a guinea or a guinea, without loss of time, to the alehouse-keeper at Nettlebed, to redeem the gold watch you gave me some years ago, and which I have left in pawn there for a pot of porter."

A little before he died, at fifty-eight years of age, of a dropsy, he drove several times with his wife to Holland House, and looked about the grounds with a melancholy tenderness.

INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION ON HEALTH.

A curious and interesting report has been prepared by Mr. Finlaison, the actuary of the National Debt Office, upon the subject of sickness and mortality among the male members of friendly societies in England and Wales, as shown by the returns made by them to the government for the five years 1836—1840. It appears that the proportion on the sick list in the course of the year is one in four, or 24.99 in every 100. The proportion seems large, but some allowance may have to be made for cases of feigned illness, and the persons in question are not those who are most favorably circumstanced in regard to food, clothing, lodging, and the various conditions of health. Mr. Finlaison proceeds to divide the members of these societies into four classes:—1, those who have heavy labor, with exposure to the weather, such as agricultural and other out-door laborers—a class in which he has 853,108 cases; 2, those who have heavy labor without exposure to the weather, such as smiths, sawyers, coopers, plumbers—a class numbering 94,259; 3, those who have light labor, with exposure to the weather, such as shepherds, drovers, drivers, pedlars, messengers, custom-house officers—in number 58,709; 4, those who have light labor, without exposure to the weather, such as clerks, shopmen, barbers, factory operatives, servants—in number 286,909. He found that persons engaged in heavy labor, with and without exposure to the weather, have respectively 29.04 and 28.54 per cent. of their numbers sick in the year; persons engaged in light labor, 20.80 and 21.58. In round numbers, taking a census of working men disabled by illness, for every three whose work is light or moderate there are four of the class whose lot is heavy labor. The duration of sickness to each person sick is, however, upon an average, only 38 days and 40.72 in the two classes engaged in heavy labor, and 41 days and 44.25 in the two classes engaged in light labor. The mortality is heaviest among the persons classed as engaged in light labor; and indoor work shows itself less favorable to longevity than outdoor.

But the main difference in the distribution of sickness seems to turn upon the expenditure of physical force. "This is no new thing," says Mr. Finlaison, "for in all ages the enervation and decrepitude of the bodily frame has been observed to follow a prodigal waste of the mental or corporeal energies; but it has been nowhere previously established upon recorded experience, that the quantum of sickness annually falling to the lot of man is in direct proportion to the demands on his muscular [illegible]

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS, &c.

[illegible]

... money. You would hardly b'lieve it if I tell ye. One day I thort I'd sprise cousin Jemima with a brin new one, for she jaws like Sam Hill about mine, so I traipsed into a bunnit millinary, and gorged round awhile. My eyes lit on a real picturesque lookin' bunnit a-hangin' on some sort of a hookemaivey made a purpose. 'Twas made of red satin, puckered, and 'twas trimmed all off into squares, with narrow black velvit and lace ribbin, and on each side was the sweetest little black rooster's tail, and inside 'twas stuck all round with official posies. I put it on, and peeked into a big glass miller—they don't have lookin' glasses here—and the millinary woman palavered away like sixty, and told me I looked like a drawn pictur; so I told her I'd hev it. She due it up, and sez I, "How much's to pay?" "Nine dollars," sez she, very quiet like. Dorcas Ann, my very hair stood on end, I was so astonished! I thort at first she'd struck me in the face or somethin', but she hadn't, the exterminatin' thing! At last I caught my breath, and holler'd out, "Nine dollars! is that what folks pay you for them are bunnits?" "Yes, man," sez she, "for this stile of a bunnit." "Well, ye may keep yer stile and yer rooster tail bunnits into the bargin; I'll wear my old navareener to all eternity afore I'll gin a fortin for a fussed up lookin' rig like that," and the way I drum-med out of that place was a narcumstance to female milliner women ginerally. Goodness knows I pity the men that has to find money to buy bunnits for the back of the wimmin's heads. I don't wonder that the gals all complain of havin' a guitar, when the tops of their heads is all out doors, exposed to the effeminacy of the weather. Good-bye, for now.

Your affectionate
JESSIE JENKINS.

THE PAWNBROKER.

What is a pawnbroker? A chess-player who check-mates society with a "pawn."

Does he give any entertainment in honor of his business? Yes, three balls.

In what respect is he theatrical? Why he is a capital manager, and his private boxes are continually filled.

What does he lend money upon? Upon undoubted security.

Personal security. So personal that no one who leaves "a loan" beyond the twelfth month is ever likely to see it again.

How does he upset all military tactics? Because his is the retreat in which you obtain the advance.

What does he not allow? He never allows you to pledge your word, your honor, your character, or your reputation; these being articles of no value in his estimation.

Is he a Christian? No, he cannot bear anything to be redeemed.

What relation does he bear to chemistry? He can always be used as a receiver, and is always ready with a "retort."

What is his shop? The refuge of the robber and his gain—a place wherein poverty is obliged to witness the moral sucking of its blood, without the means of stopping the leech that draws it.

And is he not something of a circumnavigator? I think so; for when a lady pawns her cloak, he always "doubles the cape."

Is he an orator? Yes, he belongs to the "spouting" fraternity.

I have been told he behaves very honorably to a threadbare coat; is it true? It is;—he [illegible]

[illegible]

Cousins (of New York Ladies).—"Oh! of all and of all, I never! Isn't it the darlingest, sweetest, prettiest, little dear darling bonnet! Oh! did you ever!!"

Bolo (by Hobbed Plain-Spoken Boy).—"Ha! I think it's a nasty, ugly little hat, for all the world like a cat or a monkey." Sensation.

Ingenious Mischief.—The following "droll incident" is related in the Knickerbocker, as having occurred to a lady of respectability in Brooklyn:—"The lady had a charming little boy, very observing, imitative and active. The child had noticed the postman constantly leaving letters, and moving off quick; and he thought it would be a very fine thing to become a postman. So he one day went to his mamma's escritoire, and took out some twenty-five or thirty letters, tied them up, and sallied forth, leaving one at every house, and moving off quick. The lady was rather surprised when her next neighbor brought her an open letter, which she said somebody had left at her door; but what was her astonishment when visiting hour arrived, for another, and another, and another lady coming in, all bringing open letters, until her ample parlor was completely crammed! You need not doubt the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, as each lady entered with the same tale, and the little postman was elated beyond measure, to find what a capital postman he was; but the best of the fun was, that every lady, one and all, asserted she had not unfolded or read one word."

Jullien's Sleigh-ride.—A Cincinnati paper tells an amusing story by way of illustrating the effects produced at one of Jullien's concerts there, by the performance of his "Sleigh-ride Polka." A young gentleman of a rather affectionate turn of mind was there, it seems, with his sweetheart. The hall being excessively crowded, he was obliged to put his arm on the back part of the seat; consequently almost around the lady. During the excitement of the "Sleigh-ride Polka," he unconsciously squeezed his fair partner a little. The lady was of course much shocked, and demanded the reason of such unwarranted rudeness. The gentleman made a thousand apologies, saying he must certainly be insane, or else he had been carried away by the truthfulness of Jullien's music, and merely put his arm in that position to prevent her falling out of the "sleigh."

Love.—The subjoined picture of the mutations in the stream of love may meet with a response:—

"When a feller falls in luv,
He dus ware a white kid gluv,
And into the barber scrape his chin,
And weare a flashy bosum pin,
And puts on lots of splendid close,
And wears the boots onto his toes,
And swells just like the sprouting rose,
All newly sprung in June;
But if he dus the mitten git,
What phancy phealins round him flit!
He grows all over melancholy,
And hides behind a standin' collar [illegible]

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

"YOUNG AMERICA" IN SOCIETY.

American society, at least in our great cities, is fast becoming both silly and stupid. "Young America" reigns paramount in it. Boys, who but yesterday were being flogged for false Latin, and girls who have just escaped from pinafores and bread and butter, take on themselves all the airs of grown-up people, actually thrusting their parents aside, and assuming the entire control of the amusements. At most parties, the tone is given by comparative children. Conceited youngsters, on whose chin the down has scarcely begun to appear, strut about in high shirt collars, short-tailed coats, deep cuffs, and tight pantaloons; take the head of cotillions, as if by the right of precedence; affect to be as blasé as a noble of the ancient regime, and annoy women old enough to be their mothers, and with more sense in a finger, than these little monkeys have in all their bodies, with ridiculous compliments, absurd criticisms on music, or slang intended for wit. Little Misses, also, with bare shoulders, bare arms, and minds more bare than either, look contemptuously around, and express their imperial wonder that the hostess could be so stupid as to invite so many married ladies. In American society it is, at present, "the day of small things."

The conversation at these social assemblies is what might be expected from the character of those who control them. It is as flat as stale beer, and as insipid as skim-milk. The little girls giggle and the little boys look solemn; the former smooth down their dresses, and the latter pull up their collars; but with this difference, they behave much alike. At the supper table, they push forward into the most prominent places; help themselves first; scatter terrapin, cream and jellies indiscriminately over the dresses of such married ladies as happen to be in their way; drink what they elegantly call "lots" of champagne; and keep up such an incessant chattering and laughing, that nobody, as the phrase goes, "can hear their own ears."

It would be fortunate, however, if "Young America" confined its presumptuousness to parties. But the lady who has opened her house is subjected, for days afterwards, to the morning visits of boys seeking to play the fine gentleman, who talk to her in a style half silly, and half impudent, treating her as if she were still unmarried; and this, though they were not invited to her ball, perhaps, but only came with some female guest, and though they know, or ought to know, that the mother of a family, in America, has something better to do of mornings, than to listen to the empty talk of idle [illegible]

[illegible] sovereignty of [illegible] fault of grown-[illegible] generally sub-[illegible] neglect the culti-[illegible] and, by abdica-[illegible] ciety, make way [illegible] and masters [illegible] cate the direc-[illegible] we contend that [illegible] ible with a pro-[illegible] and that, in-[illegible] althier, in both [illegible] relaxation in [illegible] ral rule, women [illegible] are married. A [illegible] "Young America," restore to [illegible]

[illegible]

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

[illegible]

FORTUNE TELLING.

[illegible]

... virtuous but weak mind. Mark the consequence! She was at the time on a point of marriage with a very worthy and respectable young gentleman; but such was the hold which the prediction of the fortune teller had taken on her imagination, that she could never from that time receive him with her usual affection-ate attention. Her lover quickly perceiving this change, endeavored to learn the cause of it; but finding his inquiries ineffectual, as also any efforts of his to rouse her to an explanation of her behaviour, which became more and more distant; and doubting the sincerity of her affection, he, in the course of a little time, discontinued his visits altogether. The young lady, perceiving herself deserted by the only man she could ever love, and dreading that as she had fulfilled the prophecy so far, the rest might also be her future lot, continued to drag on a now weary existence, and at length resolved to put an effectual stop to this progressive dishonor to her name, by committing a crime that could never be repented of. One morning, at the usual hour, her family finding she did not appear, sent to inquire the cause, when she was found lying dead in her bed, having the night before taken two ounces of laudanum to effect her purpose. On the toilet was found a note, detailing the particular reasons for committing so shocking an act, of which the preceding account is the outline.

Thus perished an innocent and lovely girl, in the flower of her youth, through the baneful influence of fortune telling; but giving, at the same time, the flattest contradiction to the prophecy against her.

A Beautiful Thought.—Margaret Fuller somewhere beautifully says:—"It is a marvel whence this perfect flower (the water-lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others."

For the Young.

THE TOLL-GATES.

In the book entitled "Mr. Rutherford's Children," is the following beautiful conversation, between a little girl and her uncle, on the little girl's birth-day. The little girl had been naughty, and her uncle took her on his lap and said:—

There was once a child travelling along a road where there were a great many toll-gates. Her home lay at the end of the road, and all along, from gate to gate, the way was sometimes pleasant, and sometimes difficult; yet had she written directions for her journey, which, if followed, would "make the rough places smooth," and give her always "straight paths for her feet." Now, these toll-gates were in reality all at the same distance apart, yet they did not seem so. For awhile they seemed so far from each other, that it was quite an event to reach one, and quite an amusement to pay the toll; and the little traveller marched up [illegible]

[illegible]

LIGHT.

[illegible]

Q. When a ship (out at sea) is approaching the shore, why do we see the small masts before we see the bulky hull?

A. Because the earth is round; and the curve of the sea hides the hull from our eyes after the tall masts have become visible.

Q. Horn is transparent; why are not horn shavings transparent also?

A. Because the surface of the shaving has been torn and rendered rough; and the rays of light are too much reflected and refracted by the rough surface to be transmitted through the shaving, so as to produce transparency.

Q. Why does wetting a cornelian make it more transparent?

A. Because the pores of the cornelian are then filled with water; and as the density of the mass is rendered somewhat more uniform than when those pores were filled with air, the stone becomes more transparent.

Transparency depends on the uniformity of the parts.

If the parts of any substance are not pretty uniform, the rays of light are refracted and absorbed so frequently, that no part of them can emerge on the opposite side.—From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 1, 6, 2, 12, 4, is a town in Italy.
My 2, 6, 22, 23, 30, 35, is now engaged in war.
My 3, 4, 20, 27, 9, 18, 3, is a lake in the Northern part of New York.
My 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 21, 10, is where most young men would object to their sweet-hearts going.
My 5, 7, 32, 20, 19, is a "cruel, implacable foe."
My 6, 2, 19, 26, 12, was a soldier in King David's army.
My 7, 9, 25, 20, 21, was an Irish patriot.
My 8, 6, 2, 22, 29, was a French military officer.
My 10, 27, 14, 15, was a chivalric member of the Arkansas bar.
My 11, 20, 2, 21, 10, was a Commodore in the United States Navy.
My 12, 7, 2, 31, 29, 5, 25, was once the Chief Magistrate of the Mexican Government.
My 13, 21, 29, 11, 25, 30, 6, is subject to the British Government.
My 14, 3, 6, 17, 32, was guillotined in France.
My 15, 27, 30, 15, 20, 29, 20, 31, 12, 20, 3, 10, is where convicts are sent.
My 11, 23, 21, 17, 33, was a Trojan Prince.
My 16, 22, 2, 26, 23, is a large city.
My 18, 19, 20, 30, 2, you will know when you have read the "Iliad."
My 5, 35, 20, 5, 10, is a worthless specimen of humanity.
My 12, 19, 5, 2, 33, 11, 22, 20, 14, 10, is the poor man's blessing and the M. D.'s curse.
My 9, 3, 4, 7, 22, 30, 35, is one of the brightest gems that combine to make woman lovely.
My whole is a Swiss musical instrument.
Barren Co., Ky. E. P. THOMPSON.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 17, 23, 34, was a Judge over Israel.
My 2, 11, 21, 11, 12, was a friend and ally of King David.
My 3, 9, 4, 21, 11, 19, 13, was one of the patriarchs.
My 4, 7, 14, 21, is a mountain often mentioned in the Old Testament.
The 5, 21, 11, 16, 7, of God abideth forever.
My 6, 26, 28, was a Priest in the Temple of the Lord.
My 7, 18, 9, 2, 22, 21, was a beautiful Queen.
My 8, 21, 17, 11, 4, is a sea-port mentioned in the New Testament.
My 9, 3, 16, 23, 21, was one of the Apostles.
My 10, 20, 7, 21, 11, met an awful death at the hands of a woman.
My 11, 14, was an ancient city of Canaan.
My 12, 6, 11, 2, was a woman of olden times.
My 13, 17, 18, 7, 30, was a very remarkable man.
My 14, 16, 2, 11, 12, 20, 21, was one of Aaron's sons.
[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

HINTS FOR APRIL.

[illegible]

MILCH COWS AND CALVES.

[illegible]

... tainty, there are but few "hired men," crusty bachelors, or husbands of strong-minded, but weak-minded women, that are fit to milk, or have anything to do with a cow. We have known cows that would not suffer a man to milk them without their legs were tied; yet they would be as quiet as a lamb, while a woman, with her soft hands, kind words and pacifying manners, performed the operation.—Rural New Yorker.

☞ Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples.

The Olio.

PITY.

The wounds that pain and grief have made
Are seldom cured by laughter;
Who has not felt the dreadful blade
As deep the moment after?
But pity, from the lips we love,
In friendship's best endeavor;
And like the rain-drop from above,
Makes all look fresh as ever.—J. Burbidge.

A Perverse Animal Subdued.—A late article on kicking cows, has reminded me of a story that was told nearly fifty years ago, by a worthy Englishman with whom I was intimate. An itinerant was at a nobleman's to exhibit feats of horsemanship, and the people had collected from far and near, among whom was my friend. When the man had done with his own horses, he turned and said: "Now, my lord, I am willing to ride a horse of yours in the same manner." Having one remarkably stubborn, the nobleman, to have some sport, told a groom to bring her out. The stranger then deliberately mounted, and urged her to move, but not one step would she stir. After a pause he quietly dismounted, gave her one severe stroke with his whip, and again resumed the saddle. The mare continued immovable, but the man preserved his temper, and got down quietly a second time, repeating the blow, but with no better success. After the third stroke, however, she was completely subdued, and moved forward with perfect obedience.

It now became evident that the design of the horseman was, to give the animal time to associate the idea of her disobedience with the stroke that followed. When this was established, she was willing to move.

On the reverse, if a shower of blows had been dealt out, as thousands of horsemen would have done, the mare would have had no time to reflect, and both she and her rider been roused into fury. With good temper, great savings might be made in the article of whips.

Inveteracy of Drunkenness.—A frightful illustration of the inveteracy of the vice of drunkenness, and the supremacy it acquires over the mind, is afforded in the anecdote of an Indian who was met at the rapids of Niagara by some travellers. He asked them for some spirits, of which their servant had a bottle. It was agreed that he should have this, if he would [illegible]

[illegible] no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

Perverseness.—A spirit of perverseness sometimes seizes us, making us act contrary to our own better feelings—making us do little disagreeable things just because we should not do them. This furnishes the only satisfactory solution of one-half the quarrels between the best of friends. It rather grates upon our self-love to feel that they possess, however worthily, so much power over us! so we make the attempt in some such way to show off our independence.

For Housekeepers.

ENGLISH RECEIPTS.

Prune Pudding.—Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour in a quart of milk; add six eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, a little salt, and a pound of prunes. Tie it in a cloth, and boil for one hour.—Eaton.

Cabinet Pudding.—Add a quarter of a pound of grated bread to the same quantity of cut and stoned raisins. Boil a small quantity of lemon peel, cinnamon and sugar, in half a pint of milk, strain it off, and add four eggs well beaten up, then pour in a glass of Madeira and another of brandy. Butter a mould capable of holding a pint and three-quarters, put in the ingredients, place a piece of writing-paper at the bottom of the mould, and steam it for an hour.—The Epicure's Almanac.

A Sago or Millet Pudding.—Take half a pound of millet, and add to it two quarts of milk; boil it over night, and in the morning add six ounces of sugar, and the same of butter melted, seven eggs, half a nutmeg, and a little grated bread. Stir all together, put a thin paste at the bottom of the dish, and bake it for three-quarters of an hour.—Harrison.

An Almond Pudding.—Blanch half a pound of sweet almonds and a few bitter ones; beat them very fine, so that they will spread on your fingers like a paste; be sure, as you beat, to wet them with some brandy; beat the yolks of ten or a dozen of eggs with half a pound of sugar beat and sifted; cast them till they are light and white. You may put in about an ounce of beat biscuit, and season it with the grate of orange or lemon, if you have it, and some oiled butter.—Maciver.